

Her One Love.

Here I stand in this old shop surrounded by all sorts of cast off furniture. The carvings on my frame are etched in gray with the dust of many years, and the brilliancy of my face is partly gone, giving me an appearance anything but like the reflective beauty of my youthful days.

My owner's customers do no speak of me in enthusiastic praise, as they do of these old spinning wheels and grandfathers' clocks around me, for I am not quite old enough to be considered valuable as an "antique," and still my history may be as interesting as that of my fellow objects.

Away back in the years I stood in the boudoir of a beautiful maiden. Daily she looked into my face, and I in return scanned her closely and saw that her sweet face was the truthful outward indication of a beautiful mind and true heart.

I watched her progress from girlhood to womanhood as one would note the gradual unfolding of a bud into the half blown blossom. My Gladys was one of those magnetic creatures who unconsciously attract every one with whom they come in contact. Her friends were innumerable, and her girlhood passed with only happiness and freedom from care. It did not seem strange to me, knowing as I did the beauty and goodness of Gladys, that many lovers should come to woo her.

One May day when all nature's creatures were awakening with new life and the trees and vines about the old home were donning new coats of green she came to me, and the beautiful eyes looked into my face I saw something had happened. Always bright and happy, Gladys was never more so than now. A tender light shone in her eye. I saw her take from her bosom a letter, which she read slowly and then pressed to her lips. "Ah!" I thought, "I have seen this experience come to other maidens, perhaps to mark the beginning of their greatest happiness, and again—well, my prayer is that this dear girl may know love only as a blessing." As time passed my wish was most abundantly fulfilled; I could see the expression of perfect trust and content upon her face and knew that her lover was in every way worthy of her.

That summer passed with a fleetness never before known by those happy lovers. From the window opposite which I stood I could see them, now strolling through the shady wood on the other side of the road, again on horseback cantering along the shady bridle paths, sometimes with a gay party of young friends, but more often those two alone. But, alas! there came a day when trouble forced his unwelcome presence upon them and wove about them his threads of suspense and perplexity until their meshes were so closely latticed there seemed to be no way out. Hope forsook them, and the happy light died out of her eyes.

War, cruel war, whose muttered threats we had long striven to forget, had at last begun to execute his terrible promises. For months complications had been rising, and our nice peaceful country was transformed into a woeful state of dissension. Even in our quiet little village, so secluded from the noise and turmoil of the world, we began to hear terrible things. Before we realized the terrible truth that war was upon us mustering officers came, and after a day or two left bearing upon their rolls the names of our brightest and bravest men. Gladys' lover was among the number of loyal men who are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all for their country's sake.

One gloomy day she came into her room, and as she passed me I saw her eyes were heavy and tremulous with tears. The look of misery on her face I shall never forget. She seemed to be in the deepest despair. I knew at once that the day of sorrow had come. Gladys and her lover had parted, perhaps forever. "I would not have you otherwise than loyal, dear," she had said to him, "but it is agony, this struggle between our patriotism and our love for each other." In his reply there seemed an effort to be hopeful.

Eight Governors, including Governor Pattison of this State, were present on Thursday of last week at the dedication of the monument to mark the site of Washington's victory at the Battle of Trenton in 1776. Orations were made at the unveiling of the monument of Washington and the transfer of statues and other adornments and a great pageant closed the festivities.

"Sweetheart, I will surely return. Then think of our joy in a future together."

"I cannot believe it. My heart tells me that I shall never see you again," she sorrowfully replied.

His words of hope and comfort were of no avail, and with her heart crushed with haunting forebodings the last sad words of farewell were spoken, vows of eternal fidelity exchanged, and he was gone.

None but I knew of the nights of grief she passed in secret. How in utter hopelessness she would moan,

"Oh, my heart is broken!" I often wished that I might lose my brightness so that I could not reflect her sad, sweet face and remind her of her trouble.

So often I have heard old people say to the young: "Now is your happy time. You will never be as free from trouble as you are now." What a mistake! Youth has its troubles, and they fall so heavily. Ripened years and their attendant experiences teach the lesson of resignation. Youth struggles to escape the learning.

I hoped so earnestly that Gladys might again be the happy girl of yore and that even the memory of her grief might be effaced by the joyful return of her soldier lover.

Now and then cheering letters would come, and for a long time they seemed more like her old happy self.

Oh, that I could blot from my memory that awful day when the news of a terrible battle reached us, and we read the names of our noblest men among the killed and wounded. The words spoken by Gladys, so sadly prophetic on that day of farewell, were realized. She would never again see her lover in the world. True she might look upon his earthly body, but his soul and heart plighted to her she must not know again until in "the life to come."

They brought his poor wounded body home wrapped in the colors which he had so bravely defended, and in the village churchyard where he and Gladys had so often strolled on the peaceful Sabbath they buried him. After the first great wave of anguish had swept over her she seemed greatly changed. The radiance was gone forever from her face, but in its place was an expression of gentle resignation.

The thought of a day to come when she and her lover would be reunited in that happy land where death, that cruel separator of loving hearts, has no power to enter was a sweet and comforting one. It was this belief that made her life worth the living and heaven a more tangible, realistic thing than her former visionary idea of the hereafter.

Sorrow did not make Gladys selfish. Her time was spent in devotion to others. How many weary, sick and poverty stricken people were helped by her gentle words of encouragement, tender sympathy and substantial aid none will ever know but God. Often when weary with her labors of the day I would see her reading and musing over an old letter. I noticed that there were curious reddish stains upon the paper. Then I knew that Gladys was living over in memory the happy and the sad times before the unfinished letter had reached her in the unexpected, sad way. They had found it on the bosom of her dead lover, and these last penciled words were words of undying affection for her.

Of later years I saw Gladys but rarely, for I had been removed to an attic chamber, where, for want of communication with the present and its happenings, I was left to ponder on the past. At last a day came when I was rudely awakened from my reverie, and I gradually realized that I was to leave the old home forever.

Then I was carried down stairs into the hall I remembered having passed through when I was brought into the house years before, a handsome new mirror then ornamental. As the men were taking me out of the door I again saw my Gladys, and I rejoiced greatly, for I had feared I was never to see her again. In that fleeting glimpse of her I saw that her beautiful tender eyes were still the same, but the dusky tresses I remembered so well were changed. Time had whitened them with a touch of his frosty fingers, but the change had only enhanced her beauty.

I thought I saw an expression of regret over her face. Was she thinking of the days of her youth and happiness and how closely we had been associated in that glad time?

I love to think so and believe she was sad to see me taken away. Well, they brought me to this dusty shop. People as they pass me say, "What an old-fashioned mirror!" and do not hesitate to remind me that my days of usefulness are gone forever. But I do not mind it, for homely and old though I am, I have been accorded a great privilege in my time, one not often bestowed upon those animate objects that pass by so indifferently, but if bestowed the privilege is not appreciated. I have beheld one of the rarest attributes of the human soul, constancy.

2,228,672.

2,228,672.—These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March, '91 to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c. and \$1.00. At H. C. Pierce's Drugstore, 50c. per bottle.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

PRES. LINCOLN'S HERO.

Col. Wm. Silloway, Whom Secretary Stanton Called the Greatest Hero of the War, Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Now we report the extraordinary cure of the illustrious Col. Wm. A. H. Silloway, one of the most noted



COL. WM. A. H. SILLOWAY.

officers of the war, of whom Secretary Stanton and Secretary Welles said in conference with President Lincoln: "Col. Silloway saved President Lincoln's life, and we consider him as great a hero as any in the service."

Col. Silloway resides at 8 Pine St., Boston, Mass., where in an interview with him he talked very interestingly: "On the 19th of April, 1861, I enlisted in the army of the North. I weighed 162 pounds. After serving four years and eight months in the Army and Navy, and suffering from wounds and rheumatism, I was discharged. I weighed the day I was discharged 109 pounds. Every year I had attacks of nervous prostration; shortness of breath and the loss of appetite were not least of my misfortunes. I tried numberless things. Nothing did me any good."

"While employed in Boston I was compelled to resign my position on account of ill-health. I consulted several eminent physicians, and took their medicines. No use—I grew worse day after day. They told me I could not live. I could not walk alone in the street without falling or clinging to the railings. At times I would shake and twitch. Had spells of falling down in the office and on the street."

"In the house I had to lie down or drop down; several times I believed I was at death's door. I had been commander of three different G. A. R. Posts, and my comrades ad-

vised me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I bought a bottle and when I had taken two-thirds of it I began to improve."

"I kept on taking it, improving all the time. I now weigh 150 pounds and feel like my old self again. You can put it in your paper that I attribute my good health to nothing but Dr. Greene's Nervura. I am perfectly satisfied that it saved my life. I am 73 years of age, but, as you can see for yourself, I am as active as a man of 40 and can do a good day's work, as people here well know. My friends in Boston, New York and other places are surprised at my recovery. Indeed, I am surprised myself to be so well. I advise anybody afflicted to buy and try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy at once."

Such an astounding cure as this in so prominent a personage as Col. Silloway, the personal friend of the President of the United States, Secretary Stanton and Secretary Welles, of President Lincoln's Cabinet, is the highest and strongest recommendation which any remedy possibly have. It is a fact that this wonderful medicine is doing more good all over the land than any other known remedy. Everybody who has used it speaks in the highest terms of it. It is strengthening the weak, building up broken down constitutions and curing the sick and suffering everywhere.

Everybody requires a spring medicine and this is just what you need. Thousands of people, while not exactly sick, are out of order weak, nervous, run down or ailing in some way. Many people at this season do not eat or sleep well, wake mornings tired, with bad taste in the mouth, dull feeling head and without strength or energy to take hold of their work. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure all this; it will make you well. It is the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

It is a great mistake for people who can at all afford to spend liberally to practice economy in hard times. On one occasion during the second empire, when there was a great financial depression, Louis Napoleon commanded his ministers to open their houses and entertain profusely, and the court circles, taking the hint, began such a round of gayety that trade revived, while the manufacturers plucking up courage, opened their mills, and a crisis was averted. Spending is as much a duty with the rich as saving is with the poor, and it takes both attributes to make a prosperous community.

THE TRACK OF PROGRESS.
In all the scientific advancement which has been made there is nothing which has attracted more attention and certainly nothing which is of more vital consequence to all than that which has been made in the treatment of disease. There are thousands of sick persons and invalids all over the country who have until recently been unable to avail themselves of the most scientific medical aid. Through the thoughtfulness and kindness of that great benefactor of mankind, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., all those who are suffering from any form of disease may avail themselves of his great system of treating and curing disease all over the land through letter correspondence. People can consult him by letter at absolutely free of charge. Dr. Greene is the most successful specialist in curing all nervous and chronic diseases; he is the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters received by him and writes the patient a full description of the case. The Doctor uses nothing but harmless vegetable remedies and has had wonderful success in curing disease through letter correspondence. Send for one of his symptom blanks and he will write you a full description of your disease and give you advice in regard to its cure, free of charge.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by H. C. Pierce.

"SPEAK LIKE YOU DO WHEN YOU LAUGH."

A baby of three years once preached me a sermon, and I pass it on for the benefit of other downcast and despondent ones who need to learn to "rejoice evermore."

"How is the baby?" I asked dreadingly, standing at the foot of the staircase leading up to a chamber where the little one lay ill. I was tired, unhelpful. My mood came out in my tone.

"Peak like you do when you laugh," called the weak, little voice upstairs; and, if I ever felt rebuked by an angel, that was the moment. The words have come to me a hundred times since. I hope I am the brighter and the cheerier for them.

"Speak like you do when you laugh." That means sparkle with gladness and good will. Those fretful lines at the mouth corners don't come from laughing. The weary ones around the eyes have another origin. But the plainest outward sign of despondency is that in the tone.

The sick feel it; that is why "visitors are forbidden."

Little children are infallible weather prophets; they will not "take to" you. And you and I,—neither sick, nor young, nor old, but busy and often tired,—we love,—yes, that is the word,—we love the bright, loving, laughing, happy voice.

"Speak like you do when you laugh."

The power of money is on the whole over-estimated. The greatest things which have been for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time heavy on his hands; remains morally and mentally asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

BOYHOOD'S DELIGHTS.

I'd like to be a boy again without a woe of care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and open the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring the wood to burn and stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn; and wear my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school to get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then go home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore, and then crawl wearily up stairs to seek my little bed and hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again—a boy has so much fun. His life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens and chasing bees and doing evening chores.

Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talents of its editor entirely by the quantity of its original matter. It is a comparatively easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words on any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in a weak, washy everlasting flood, and still his paper may be a very poor concern.

Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is not half of the work, and then it is not so much the quantity as the quality of the matter contained that makes a good paper. The selections and general arrangements are very important, in fact they constitute half of a paper's merits and demerits.

An editor should be estimated, and his labor appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform consistent course, dignity and propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy any man's time and attention and adding to those the usual routine of office work, the only wonder is that editors ever find time to write at all.

"What does 'cleave' mean, father?" said the small boy, who had been puzzling over the word for some time. "It means to unite." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "H'm! well it means to separate." "Well, father, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "H'm! h'm! don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Estate of Daniel B. Brown.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Daniel B. Brown, late of Ingersburg in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset therefor, hereby give notice that he will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the dwelling house of Augusta H. Brown in Ingersburg on the 23d of April and 25th day of August next, from ten o'clock, a. m. until one o'clock, p. m., of said days, and that six months from the 23d day of February A. D. 1894 is the time limited by said Court, for all creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Ingersburg this 5th day of March A. D. 1894.

S. F. SLACK, Commissioners.
S. E. CLOUGH,

Estate of H. H. Smith.

STATE OF VERMONT, ORLEANS DISTRICT, ss. In Probate Court, held at Court in said District, on the 5th day of March A. D. 1894.
E. L. Hastings, executor of the estate of H. H. Smith late of Craftsbury in said District deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and petition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office in said Newport on the 2d day of April A. D. 1894, for hearing and decision thereon. And, it is further ordered that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same this week, and said day in the Orleans Monitor, a newspaper published at Barton, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and said decree made.

By the Court Attest,
F. E. ALFRED, Judge.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Estate of Almira Squires.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Almira Squires, late of Ingersburg in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset therefor, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at Edward E. Rowell's store in South Albany, Vt., on the 24th day of April A. D. 1894 is the time limited by said Court for all creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Albany this 5th day of March A. D. 1894.

WM. WILLIAMS, Commissioners.
JAMES M. ANDERSON,

- STEPHENSON. -

We are still offering special inducements CASH trade, and inter giving our Cr. system shorter rope than ever during 1894. A complete line of seasonal goods constantly on hand at reasonable prices.

Should you need anything in

FLANNEL Dress Goods

Please examine our line and get prices

Respectfully,

J. STEPHENSON

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

Horse Shoeing.

I have lately hired Albert (Fortie, first-class Blacksmith and Horse Shoer, and am prepared to do all sorts of shoeing and blacksmithing at lowest living rates.

I make a specialty of Cant Hooks, Nokes, Whitetrees, Drills, and wedges do general repairs.

Price of shoeing all-round with iron steel, \$1.00.

Shop in rear of and near Percival's up story shop.—Give me a call.

Aaron Drow

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